

Daniel Whitlow, P-31994

WordsUncaged Submission

(Poem)

“the gods of filth create filth – the gods of man do the same”

(so, you construct creators?
hear me, you fuckin’ failure;)

your hardship-cradled

torpor-twisted heartache

creates sentimentality

and in blood-beaded webs of

avowed

sinew-laced

long-dead works

of interrogated

biological artistry,

(none of your gods exist.)

no holy-than-thy numinous bones intersect with

my sandblasted prototypical vulgarities,

my blasphemed, expletive-fortified, pitchfork-wielding, dagger-imagining epitomes

no celestial spinal redundancies come into contact with my unholy skeleton

of insinuation-neglecting profanities.

(but I’m not the same as you—

maybe they touch you)

How will you celebrate my absence? With ignorance and incense?

Instead of all that stupid shit, why don’t you colonize the caustic cliff face of my countenance

with the fell geneses of Perversion’s concubine?

Or you could assemble the indispensable,

scatter the inconsequential

and feel something sovereign

something real,

some-fuckin'-thing ascendant to the nonexistence you claim doesn't exist

but it fucking exists, man, and dominates the shit out of you;

it inhabits a broken, nauseous residency in your heart, man;

its comparing your shed skin with dirt, man;

hatching sycophantic clutches

of puerile dementia

around your ankles

(like corpses

clinging to the artifice

of your dreams deferred)

by the cowardice of your massacred affluence

—you're fucking stupid, man.

It's a narrow path with wide consequences.

But crisis equals opportunity, right?

(Maybe you *can* return to the light,) while
waiting deep and quiet in amnesties of
hesitation and perpetual, skeptical night.

Maybe the rote-
relevancy
correlating you
with Collapse
will bridge the
gap.

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